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to their home with safety, enough of excitement remaining yet to render their situation highly dangerous. The interval during which they had to remain concealed was not, however, misspent by Mick or Rose, who were now reconciled, while the mother sat moaning, and rocking herself to and fro, utterly regardless of what was passing. When the night fell, the wary Mahon, now doubly eager for their safety, conducted them by circuitous paths out of the town, and ultimately to their home; which, however, Biddy was afraid to enter, until the enraged Brian, overcome by the solicitations of his child, consented to receive her with forgiveness. The story had now spread through the entire country, in all the various shapes which a story can assume, nor without creating a deep sensation, which, improved by the many jealous of the prosperity of the Gaynors, had at last the effect of ridding Mahon of his rival. There was now no obstacle to his happiness; so, as soon as Advent was over, the rites were celebrated that made him master of all the treasure he ever sought—the hand of his wayward Rose. Brian soon found that the station he had lost by his wife's folly was irretrievable; and, after some few vain attempts to recover it, he at length manfully made up his mind to part with his pleasant home, and go elsewhere; a scheme which he put in execution soon after, by removing to a distant part of the country, where his capital made him once more the master of a thriving farm, and the respect of his neighbours. Mick and Rose, of course, shared his lot, and by their unceasing industry soon reached a degree of wealth which they never hoped to attain. But those who tell their story, solemnly declare that they owed it all to nothing but their own prudent exertions, having already had sufficient warning to keep clear of spells, especially "*The Dead Hand*,"

M'C.

AN ADDRESS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE COLLEGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, DUBLIN.

BY WILLIAM RIBTON.

In reference to the beneficial or injurious tendency of Societies, such as the one before whom this Address was delivered, there are various opinions. While some well-informed individuals consider them calculated to improve and invigorate the mind; others, equally intelligent, imagine that they must be injurious, inasmuch as many of the subjects discussed are such as should only be taken up in riper years, and as likely to engender a bad taste, the young people themselves being the judges of their own productions. For ourselves, we freely admit, that we have been among the latter class of critics, the discussion of many of the questions introduced, appearing to us to have a tendency to spread those *ultra liberal views*, which, tricked out in specious colours, are but too apt to lure the young and inexperienced mind to take them up, and argue for them, before the judgment has been able to form a proper estimate of men or things, or to decide upon their real merits. Nay, more—as regards the good effects of such societies, even regarded in an oratorical point of view—after several years of observation in reference to some of those who have studied "the graces of oratory" in "Discussion Societies"—we feel that but little improvement has been made, even by individuals who at a very early period bid fair for excellence. No doubt, we have seen the youthful orator rising to speak without that apparent diffidence which he must otherwise have evinced; but, then, there was a formality, a studied effort apparent, which far more than counterbalanced any advantage gained in this way. The generous glow of youth had been cooled down to the soberness of manhood—the fire and vivacity of ardent minds, which else, in argument, had sparkled like the scintillations of the flint and steel, were exchanged for the prosing, parenthetical strain of the pedant in language, apparently fearful of a single word escaping which had not previously been placed in its proper position. However, as it is not the Society, but the Address, which comes before us at present, it must suffice for our readers to know, in reference to the former, that the College Historical Society claims to be the same as the one whose meetings were held, some seventy years since, within the walls of the University, and in

which so many eminent individuals, since well known in the records of fame, took a conspicuous part.

We are informed by Mr. Ribton, in the Address before us, that the Society to which he belongs is "one of old establishment; about seventy years have now elapsed since its first formation; it was for some time formally recognised by the Board of Trinity College, and its meetings were held within the walls: unfortunate collisions took place between it and the Board, and a decree was passed for its suppression, or, I should rather say, its expulsion; its meetings were afterwards held outside—it struggled on for a while, and then ceased altogether. Within the last few years it has sprung up again; it has, each Session, been gradually progressing, and we may now, not in name only, claim to be descendants of that Historical Society, in which were trained up some of the most distinguished men that this, or perhaps any other country, has produced. The object of this Society is to cultivate eloquence—to prepare us practically for the public scenes of life. The great value of such an institution must be at once obvious, when we reflect, that no mode of academic discipline is, or indeed could be, so efficiently introductory to this end. We might be made acquainted with all the truths of science—with Locke and Brown, we might follow out the analysis of mind; and with Newton and La Place, trace the paths of worlds throughout the immensities of space—but how little would such stores of knowledge avail us, at least for the public professions of life, if we had not in such a school as this practised the means by which they may be best communicated? The sword that is concealed in the scabbard, may have a keen edge, and a strong temper, but it is useless for all the purposes of the conflict, if there be not a well practised arm to pluck it forth, and wield it with dexterity. The acquisition of knowledge is the result of study, the being able to communicate it to others, so as to produce conviction, arises from practice; here the knowledge acquired in a College Course is quickened into activity—it is converted from inert and inoperative, into animating and expanding principles; here all the powers of mind are brought out into immediate action; here is caught up that Promethean spark that imparts life and spirit to the body of information that years of study may have created; in a smaller sphere we are performing the several parts which we may afterwards have to act upon the vast theatre of the world; our debates, with their attending stir, and bustle, and excitement, together with the internal management and economy of our constitution, are archetypes, in miniature, of the more important scenes and occurrences of public life."

Such is the description of the Society given by Mr. Ribton; and certainly, if it produce but one half the good he claims for it, we shall rejoice in its prosperity.

It is time, however, that we should now turn to the Address delivered by Mr. Ribton; and as our space requires brevity, we shall merely say, that it contains several excellent hints to young probationers in the *Science of Oratory*—that the style in itself is good, being well suited to the subject in hand—without any of that ostentatious parade of show or ornament, that tinsel finery, which it is but too common for young persons to hang round their productions. A brief quotation, taken at random, will suffice to bear us out in our opinion:—

"Of all the studies necessary for the orator, the most useful is history. History connects the present time with a portion of the eternity that is past; she affords us a firm footing; we walk across the dark abyss of ages, and live in the midst of scenes, over which centuries have rolled. With her telescope we see through the darkness that hangs over the past: we see nation after nation rising into greatness, and sinking into decay; we see Greece—that lovely Tempe, which poesy and philosophy seemed to have selected for their peculiar habitation, when first they descended upon man; we see her springing up a beauteous and a fertile spot amid a surrounding desert of barbarians, advancing in civilization and the arts, flourishing long in war and peace, sending a rich stream of learning and science through all the adjacent countries, till at last she began to show symptoms of decline; eastern luxury and effeminacy flowed in upon her, and covered her glory with a night of ages.

Again, we see Rome rising out of obscurity, extending her conquests far and wide, till the imperial eagle had spread its wings over the limits of the habitable world; then, in her turn, drooping—her government, after a variety of changes, settling down into despotism—the once empress of the world becoming gradually degenerate, till the barbarian foot of the Vandal and the Goth had trampled all her greatness in the dust. A reign of darkness succeeds—the arts and sciences languish. A ray of light at last pierces through the gloom—from out the bosom of the ocean arose a mighty queen, who, while she held the shield of Minerva over the cradle of nascent literature, waved the trident of Neptune, and all nations owned her as the mistress of the deep. Such things we cannot read without instruction. They are grand moral magazines filled with lessons of wisdom for mankind. To the orator no study is more useful: it enlarges the sphere of his mind, gives extent and amplitude to his thoughts, and furnishes him with materials for enforcing and illustrating every subject."

If the various addresses delivered, contained as much good sense, with as little to censure, as the one before us, we should almost feel inclined to retract our opinion as to the usefulness of such Societies generally; and to say of the present one, *esto perpetua*.

EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL OPERATION.

At one of the Sectional Meetings of the British Association, Surgeon Whatton, of Manchester, described a new operation practised by him for the cure of caries, or injury of the bones of the foot requiring amputation, which consisted of a removal of the lateral half of the foot, leaving the other half to serve as a proper support in walking. He said, that as far back as 1811, during the Peninsular war, his attention had been drawn to this subject. At that time, when the bones and soft parts of the foot were injured by balls or fragments of shells, the usual practice was to amputate transversely, either at the tarso-metatarsal union, or higher up at the astragulo-scapoid and calcaneo-cuboideal. Since he had been appointed to the infirmary at Manchester, he adopted a different mode of operating, which was attended with very superior advantages. He had adopted this plan after a careful study of the relative anatomy of the foot, and was not aware that there was any such operation on record. He tried the operation in a great number of cases, and found it to answer extremely well; of this he hoped he should be able to convince the meeting, as he had an opportunity of showing a patient on whom the operation had been performed, and who was able to walk twenty miles a day. Finding that all ordinary modes of treatment had proved ineffectual, Mr. Whatton decided on the longitudinal operation, which was performed in the following manner. An incision, commencing at the root of the fourth toe, was carried, in a slightly curved direction, towards the extremity of the fifth metatarsal bone, and terminated near the outer malleolus. This incision was made on the plantar surface of the foot. A similar incision, commencing and terminating at the same points, was carried along the dorsum. The flaps being dissected off, the knife was carried between the two outer metatarsal bones, down to the cuboid. The outer edge of the os calcis, being found diseased, was also paired off with the scalpel. The second incision removed the next toe and its metatarsal bone in a similar manner, leaving three toes with their corresponding tarsal bones. There was considerable hæmorrhage after the operation, and it was thought advisable to defer dressing the foot, until the patient was placed in bed. The wounds healed kindly, and the man was discharged about twelve weeks after the operation, perfectly well. A cast of the foot was taken ten months after the operation; this shows some fullness about the teguments of the tarsus and metatarsus; but in a cast taken twenty months after the operation, a manifest improvement is visible. Mr. Whatton here exhibited the casts, which he stated he should feel great pleasure in presenting to the Royal College of Surgeons of Dublin. The patient operated

on was exhibited to the meeting. He walked up and down, with as much ease as a person who had the perfect use of his limbs; and on being required to stand on the leg, singly, he made the attempt in such a manner as to show that he possessed a considerable power of balancing himself.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

The Ettrick Shepherd! what a name
To build a monument to fame!
A lonely boy, among the hills,
Feeding his flock beside the rills,
Unskilled in lore, save that by heaven
To Nature's meanest children given—
That mounting fire within the breast,
Kindled at His supreme behest,
Who oft inspires the meanest clod
With more of genius and of God,
Than in a thousand years we see
In kings, to whom we bend the knee.
What blissful throbs of purest joy
It woke in thee, a shepherd boy,
To hear the lav'rock from his cloud,
Enthron'd in azure, singing, loud,
A song at once so sweet and clear,
It pictur'd heaven to thy ear—
That land of harmony and love—
Land of the Lamb and Holy Dove—
Where now, we humbly trust, thy soul
Reposes at the rapturous goal!
How fit the silent joy of woods—
The calm of Scotia's solitudes—
To waken in the feeling heart
The poet's rapt and thrilling art!
In vain the outward eye may see
The traits of grace and majesty,
If to the soul no sense be given
That kindles at the gifts of heaven.
Not thine, not thine, this misty haze.
Thy soul, illumin'd by thy gaze,
A flood of light o'er Ettrick shed—
A halo round the poet's head.
Upsprung, enchanted with its ray,
The Minstrel of the Border-lay:
That light, he knew, was not of earth—
No meteor-glare of sudden birth,
That in a moment quits the sky;
But born through time, to rule on high.
Thy varied lay is nature still,
To rouse or melt the heart at will.
"Sweet woman-kind," how dear to thee,
"Wi' wavin' curls aboon the bree!"
That simple strain to hear thee sing,
How in the heart its echoes ring!
And will, till death shall snap the chords
That thrill at thy remember'd words!
Around the social table met,
That happy night we'll ne'er forget,
When mony a one, now scatter'd wide,
And some, struck low in manhood's pride,
To meet the Shepherd flew wi' glee,
(And Galt and Pringle made a three
"Ye wadna meet in Christendee!")—
The Ettrick Shepherd!—what a name
To build a monument to fame!

JOHN MACRAY.

Dublin: Stereotyped, and Printed at his Steam-Press, by P. Dixon Hardy, 3, Cecilia-street, to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold in London, by Rich. Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery; in Birmingham, by Guest, 91, Steelhouse-lane; in Glasgow, by John Macleod; in Edinburgh, by N. Bowack; and in Montreal, by J. Fleming.

Published in Weekly and Monthly Numbers, and in Yearly Volumes.